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Colonies and India in London.

BY  
THOMAS CROSS,

LATE SECRETARY TO THE CANADIAN COMMISSION AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE  
COLONIES AND INDIA

READ BEFORE THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY  
OF OTTAWA, 5TH APRIL, 1887.

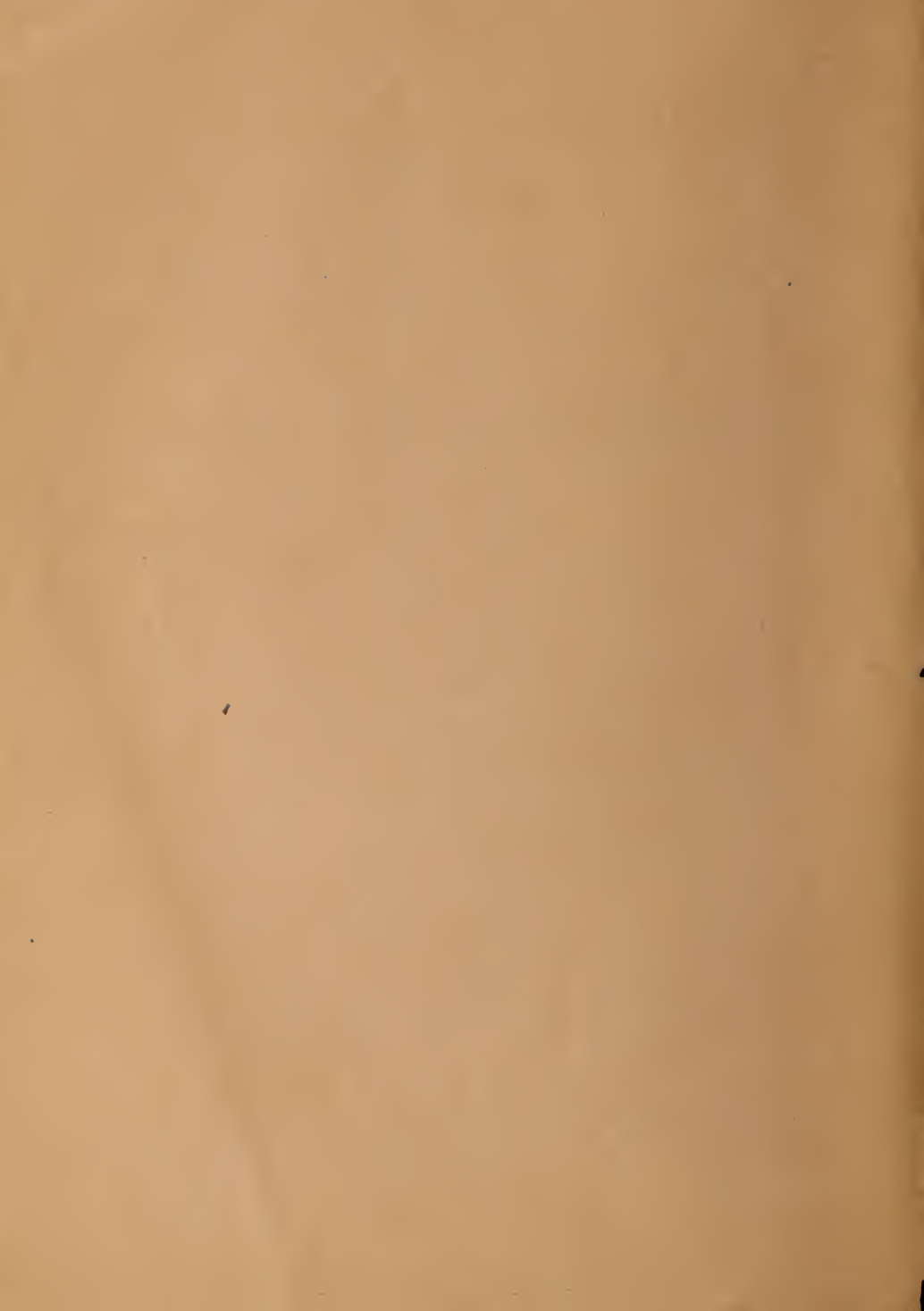
Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, G. C. M. G., in the Chair.

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# THE COLONIES AND INDIA IN LONDON.

BY THOMAS CROSS,

*Late Secretary to the Canadian Commission at the Exhibition of the Colonies and India.*

READ BEFORE THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY OF OTTAWA,  
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*Hon. Sir Charles Tupper, G. C. M. G., in the chair.*

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

Long before the year 1886 it had been felt by thoughtful minds, both in Great Britain and throughout her vast and scattered dependencies, that if the Empire were ever to do justice to itself, something should be done to remove the ignorance prevailing in every constituent part of it concerning every other part. This ignorance has all along been mutual, but the mother country being concerned in knowing something about every individual dependency, her ignorance has been most reprehensible and the most disastrous. It seems, too, to have been actually cherished, and with a strange and scornful fatuity ; and it has been alike the cause of those cruel and wanton slights which have so often wounded Colonial sensibilities and affections, and of those terrible diplomatic blunders by which, on this continent, empires have been lightly flung away into the hands of our astute and grasping neighbors. It has existed all along, too, in quarters where duty should forbid it. Walpole tells us that when General Ligonier suggested to the Duke of Newcastle that Annapolis should be defended, the Duke lisped out :—"Annapolis, Annapolis. Oh, yes, Annapolis must be defended. To be sure, Annapolis should be defended. Where *is* Annapolis?" Smollett tells us that, in the beginning of the war, the Duke told somebody, in a great fright, that 30,000 French had marched from Acadia into Cape Breton. "Where did they find transports?" said his interlocutor. "I tell you they marched by land to Cape Breton—what, is Cape Breton an island?"

"Certainly." "Ho, are you sure of that?" When it was pointed out on the map, he examined it earnestly with his spectacles. Then taking the other in his arms—"My dear C.," cried he, "you always bring us good news. Egad, I'll go directly and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island." (See "Montcalm and Wolfe."—Parkman.)

The slight estimation in which Britain held her North American Colonies, up to the middle of the present century, may be seen in the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, the Ashburton Treaty in 1842, and the Oregon Treaty in 1846. Canadians were justly proud of the events of the war of 1812. Owing largely to their gallantry, Britain had recovered possession of very considerable tracts which had been surrendered to the Americans in 1783. We were then actually masters of territory which would now have shortened our railway from ocean to ocean by about 1500 miles. Part of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota were in our hands. The site of Chicago was ours, and all the country north of a line drawn thence to Prairie du Chien on the Mississippi. We also held that part of Massachusetts, now Maine, which, abandoned under the Ashburton Treaty, pierces like a great canine tooth between the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick. All this England lightly filipped away by the Treaty of Ghent and the Ashburton Treaty. Then followed the Oregon Treaty, by which we surrendered a territory as big as Spain and Portugal, with half of France thrown in. It has been said that the chief consideration which influenced the high contracting parties on the side of England in passing this treaty was the fact that, in the streams of the Pacific slope, the salmon don't take the fly. This may be a libel, but it is the best reason that can be imagined for this most lamentable surrender to impudent bullying. In the words of my late lamented friend, Colonel Coffin, which I find in a paper read before this Society in 1876, "Canada reminds us of a rabbit or a dog in the hands of an experimental anatomist. Like animals doomed to vivisection for the benefit of science, she has been operated upon unsparingly for the good of the Empire. Diplomatic doctors, in constantly recurring succession, have given her up, and given her over. She has been the victim of an endless exhibition of treaties, applied allopathically, and then, by force of counter irritants, has been treated nigh unto death." Strange it must seem that the great colonizing power of modern times, which has fastened its grasp upon nearly every available foot of the earth's surface, should not, from the beginning, have administered its Colonial affairs

wisely and well. Strange, too, that it should have for so very long remained blind to the value of those splendid possessions. So late as 1880, an English M.P. wrote an article in the *Contemporary Review* on the future of Canada. He saw no uses in Colonies save as outlets for surplus population and markets for English manufactures; and, said he, the United States serve both these purposes better than all the Colonies put together. It mattered not to him that his countrymen should go to the States, become alien or hostile to the old land, and swear to fight the battles of the Republic against all princes and rulers, especially the Queen of England. He was blind, too, to the fact, so loudly proclaimed in London last year, that trade follows the flag. He was a manufacturer, but he took no account of the fact that every man settling in Canada consumes at least five times as much of British manufactures as he would did he settle to the south of the line. Now, so well do France and Germany understand the value of Colonies, that they have for some years been hunting the world over to find where to set their feet. We have seen Germany establish herself at Agra Pequana, a desolate spot on the west coast of Africa, destitute even of water, and supporting little life, animal or vegetable. German writers, too, have lately been telling England that her existence as a first-class power will henceforth depend upon her drawing her Colonies more closely around her. One of them even compares her to a rotten trunk, only kept from falling by the mighty saplings growing up about it. This comparison may be objected to, not only as being odious, but because it is, in a general way, absolutely untrue. So far from being rotten, England is as sound as any country in the world, and sounder than most. The writer who makes the comparison only does so, indeed, in view of the condition to which she has been brought by the abuse of her free institutions under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone.

But whatever misconception may have existed in England as to the value of her Colonies, whatever may have been her indifference toward the communities of her own children growing up all over the world, she was never indifferent to India. The cases of the Colonies and India were, from the first, as utterly different as they could be. The Colonies had cost England little. They had been built up by the energies of her own children, at little trouble to herself. Her wars with France extended to this continent, but were not undertaken for its sake, and in turn her American colonists gave her willing and effectual aid. But



for India she had toiled unceasingly, bled freely, sinned deeply. The Colonies had at first nothing to offer but the vast expanses of virgin soil from which her poorer sons might win first, support, and afterwards wealth, by the slow process of hard work. For ages before the name of England had ever been spoken, the name of India had been inseparable from the idea of fabulous wealth. The Colonies therefore attracted the industrious, who sought nothing more than fruitful fields where they might reap where they had sown; or the persecuted, who sought free homes. But India attracted the high-born and the ambitious, the soldier, the adventurer, the capitalist, and became the scene of a perpetual series of stirring and romantic events. The Colonies were the very newest of countries, and had no associations; India, the very oldest of countries, the probable cradle of the human race, where, once upon a time, the forefathers of the Greek and the Roman, the Hindoo and the Englishman, dwelt together, spoke the same language, worshipped the same Gods. For all these reasons, the Colonies enjoyed little of the attention of the governing classes of England, who were powerfully attracted by the mystery and the romance, the adventure and the hope, associated with the name of that ancient land so strangely given to her hands.

The Colonies were thus, to a great extent, the work of the "younger sons of younger brothers" of England; and the manner in which relations of this degree have been looked upon in the land of primogeniture and entail, may be estimated by the fact that when Sir John Falstaff wanted to describe his ragged regiment in terms expressing the very depth of valuelessness, he called them "discarded unjust serving men, younger sons of younger brothers, revolted tapsters, ostlers trade-fallen." The "younger sons of younger brothers" betook themselves of the Colonies, where they grew strong by their struggles and their hardships. As Colonel Barré said, more than a hundred years ago, of the American Colonies to the South of us, they grew by the very neglect of the parent state; and they grew to such purpose that in these days, when England's territorial aristocracy and her agricultural interest feel the pinch of foreign competition, and when her social problems cry more and more loudly for solution, the Colonies are at length recognized as the natural quarters from which help may be looked for.

Accordingly, the Prince of Wales, who occupies an excellent position for a comprehensive view of the Empire, and whose broad shoulders

are surmounted by a very practical head, conceived the idea of applying, to the widely-scattered members of the Empire, the means of mutual acquaintance which his father so successfully devised for the nations. This method has never been abandoned, never improved. One by one, and some of them many times, the nations have followed the path pointed out by Prince Albert in 1851, and have found it to be the only one which could guide them to a knowledge of their mutual needs, and enable them to adjust their mutual commercial relations from time to time. It is, perhaps, not amiss to remember here the indebtedness of mankind to this device of the wise and thoughtful German Prince, who filled so admirably a position very trying to a foreigner in England.

So early as the autumn of 1884, the Prince of Wales addressed letters to the representatives of the Colonies in London, notifying them of his intention to hold the Exhibition of 1886, and making suggestions which he deemed might be useful for their guidance. Of those I only saw the one to Sir Charles Tupper, which dealt with the subject at great length, and showed much thought. It also displayed a shrewd idea on the Prince's part as the position which Canada would occupy among the Colonies, and expressed the wish that Sir Charles might be appointed Executive Commissioner. I need not recall the alacrity with which the Dominion responded to the invitation of the Prince of Wales, the zeal displayed by the Department of Agriculture and its agents, nor the exertions of the Executive Commissioner in London. Indeed, I cannot dismiss the latter subject with a mere passing notice. No one who has not taken part in exhibition work, can imagine the labor involved in reducing to order a section so vast and varied as the Canadian; and only those who were associated with Sir Charles Tupper in this work, can have any idea of the energy, the quick judgment, and the keen watchfulness, with which he went about it. Twice, during the Exhibition, the Canadian exhibitors, collectively, acknowledged those services to which the splendid position taken by the Dominion was so largely owing.

On the 4th May Her Majesty opened the Exhibition with all the pomp with which the Royalty of England is wont to signalize events of the first importance. The pageant of that day recalled those of Shakespeare's historical plays. I had the good fortune to be placed in the middle of the central gallery, in a kind of porch of polished planks

of Douglas pine, from British Columbia, through which the august procession passed on entering the Canadian Court, so I watched it all within six feet. I cared little for pursuivants or heralds, Rouge Dragon, Bluemantle, Rouge Croix or Portcullis, for the Heralds of Chester, Windsor, Lancaster, York, Somerset, or Richmond, nor yet for Garter King of Arms, Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, nor even for the Acting Mistress of the Robes and the women of the Bedchamber. I was awaiting the coming of the plainly dressed lady, the central figure of all that splendor, the central figure of so many lands. As she approached, bowing right and left to her cheering people, I thought I had never seen eyes so blue, nor a face so sorrowful. It might have been thought that on that day of all others, surrounded by the proofs of her country's achievements in every clime, there might have been something in her bearing of the consciousness of power. She had just passed through a scene which might well have flattered a Xerxes or an Alexander. On her way through the Central Avenue, she had passed between two gates representing lands far apart; on her right the Gwalior Gate, the gift of the young Maharajah Scindia, of Gwalior, a lofty work in stone, a marvel of eastern art; on her left, a reproduction of ancient Bishopsgate with its grim portcullis and frowning towers. Before the Indian gate stood a long line of dark and turbaned forms; before the old English gate, a line of the soldiers of England; and as the Queen passed thus between East and West, East and West saluted her, each in its own fashion. But her thoughts were probably of the day, thirty-five years before, when she had opened the first exhibition, with her husband by her side. The one woman who, of all woman in the world is surrounded by everything that can wean a woman from home life, turns to home life whenever she feels herself at liberty to follow her inclinations. I have been told by gentlemen in office that the Queen works hard; that her long experience, unbroken by party changes, is very useful to her ministers; that documents submitted to her are often returned with long notes in her own handwriting. But while she attends quietly to her public duties, she has always turned fondly to home occupations; and I think people who talk about womans' rights might observe, not without profit, how little the Queen of England, the one woman who might, did she choose, enjoy those rights to a degree we seldom think of, values them in comparison with the prerogatives of woman's domestic crown.



The opening of the Exhibition was an event to which much significance was attached by the English press, quite apart from the objects for which it had been designed. Mr. Gladstone was still in power, and the debate on his Irish measures was developing their nature. The spectacle of the assembling of that matchless family of free nations in the home of their august mother could not fail to bring home to the minds of Englishmen a sense of the power of such a family, if closely united; and there can be no doubt that the presence of the Colonies in England had much to do with the development of that overwhelming union sentiment which reduced the great Liberal party, a little while before so powerful, to a state of chaos. During the progress of the debate, I was sorry to observe what a lamentable want of acquaintance existed among English statesmen as to the historical events which have brought about the existing state of things. Mr. Gladstone himself made egregious historical mis-statements in his great speech of the 9th April, and Mr. Chamberlain read in the House of Commons scraps from Mr. Froude's "English in Ireland," giving a few of the many facts with which all legislators pretending to deal with Irish affairs should have been familiar from the first.

In the immediate objects which the Prince of Wales sought in bringing about the Exhibition, its success surpassed all expectation. The interest in the Colonies appeared to be unbounded, and the colonists in London became the recipients of a series of varied and splendid entertainments, of which the barest enumeration would be too fatiguing for me to read or for my audience to listen to. Before the opening, the Prince of Wales had appointed a Reception Committee, consisting of three members of the Royal Commission, the Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Earl Cadogan. With this Committee all parties communicated who desired to entertain the Colonial and Indian visitors. In order to give you, as briefly as possible, an idea of the extent and splendor of the hospitalities extended by England to her children, I will read here a paragraph from the Reception Committee's Report:

"It will thus be seen that Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with other members of the Royal Family, were graciously pleased to receive and entertain the Colonial and Indian visitors; while the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, and the leading city companies, the Lord Provosts,

“Magistrates and Town Councils of the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, the Lord Mayors and Corporations of the cities of Dublin and York, and the members of numerous Municipal Corporations of England, Scotland and Ireland, the Officers of the Army and Navy, and the Nobility and Gentry, vied with each other in giving a hearty welcome and splendid hospitality to our Colonial and Indian visitors.”

This paragraph, comprehensive as it appears, by no means covers the whole ground. It says nothing of visits to Oxford and Cambridge, the visits to Canterbury and York by invitation of the Deans and Chapters, nor of many other treats very memorable indeed; nor can any mere list of the entertainments convey any idea of the generous thoughtfulness which characterized them. So I will give a very brief account of one or two, as specimens. For the excursion to Scotland we had a special train of saloon carriages. We reached Sheffield in time for luncheon, and took that meal with the Mayor and Corporation. We remained twenty-four hours in Sheffield as guests of the town. I was quartered upon a wealthy alderman, at a very pretty place about three miles off, to which his carriage was waiting to convey me. We were shown the many manufacturing establishments, and entertained with a *conversazione* and supper by the Mayor and Corporation, and the Master Cutler and Cutler's Company. When we took our seats in our saloon carriages to proceed on our way to Scotland, we found champagne luncheons on all the tables, and we each received a beautiful penknife, with the compliments of the Master Cutler. At Edinburgh we were the guests of the Lord Provost and Magistrates, who did everything that could be done during so short a time as we could remain, to show us the places of historical interest, or of natural or other beauty, in which the Scottish Capital abounds so richly. We were also driven out to Dalmeny Park and received there by Lord and Lady Rosebery. At Glasgow the same magnificent hospitalities were repeated. Nowhere in Scotland were we allowed to spend a penny if our entertainers could help it. The Lord Provost and Magistrates of Glasgow treated us to a day on the lovely estuary of the Clyde, through the Kyles of Bute and round part of the Isle of Arran. I remember that as we passed through the Kyles of Bute, I was so rash as to venture upon a very small joke with the wife of a Glasgow baillie. “How pretty it is,” I said; “I'm sure the very word ‘beautiful’ must be derived from Bute.” The lady did some very hard thinking, until I had almost forgotten what I had said: at length she replied, “I don't think so. You see it's spel' B-u-t-e.”

Nor did Old Ireland neglect us. Every month the Reception Committee issued a programme of entertainments; and in that for August appeared the following announcement :

Monday, August 16th—Sleep at Dublin.

Tuesday, August 17th—Sleep at Dublin.

Wednesday, August 18th—Sleep at Dublin.

At first we thought that kind Patrick, having considered how hard worked we had been in London, had determined to rescue us for three days and three nights, and give his beloved (colonists) sleep. Then we thought that, having just enjoyed a glorious shindy at Belfast, he was determined to show us how quiet he could be when he liked, and that it is not true that he is never at peace but when he is fighting. But we soon found that he had nothing whatever to do with this somnolent programme. He did not let us wait until we set foot on the Green Isle to convince us of that, but made two superagatory trips across the abominable bit of sea which parts him from England, and took charge of us at Holyhead, where the High Sheriff and other notables of his charming capital soon dispelled all our hopes or fears of a three days' nap. The first night we *were* allowed to sleep at Dublin, and very welcome the sleep was after the pitch and toss of the Irish Sea. Early next morning we met at the Ancient Concert Rooms, a favorite place of meeting when anything jolly is going forward. A choice of pleasures of great variety was submitted. For my part, I soon found myself in a carriage with the High Sheriff, who is a staunch Home Ruler, and a Parsee gentleman from Bombay. We spent most of the day together, and very interesting I found it to listen to these gentlemen's views as to what they thought desirable for their respective countries. Though not myself a Home Ruler, I could not for a moment doubt the honesty of the Irish gentleman's conviction that Home Rule would, at once, cure the ills which afflict his country; and as we stood together on the floor of the old House of Commons of Ireland, the words, once spoken there by Grattan, seemed still to be in the air—"I demand that the Parliaments be two, that the Empire may be one." But I remembered that when Grattan spoke those words the Parliaments had long been two, but the Empire had not been one.

Among other places we visited Guinness's brewery. The extent of this famous establishment may be imagined from the fact that it is found necessary to have an underground railway on the premises. There are

three fermenting vats, each as big as a good sized ball-room. Ever since I saw them I have felt aggrieved at being charged a quarter dollar for a miserable little bottle of what I saw that day in lakes and rivers, into which they ought to let everybody dip a pail at will.

That night the Lord Mayor gave us a ball at the Mansion House, in the great circular ball-room built on the occasion of the visit of George the Fourth. Had our Kings and Queens danced at Dublin a little oftener it would have done them and their kingdom no harm. As I looked round that beautiful ball-room, I thought of a statute of Edward the Third, under which any Englishman marrying an Irish-woman rendered himself liable to be hanged, cut down alive, disembowelled, and otherwise shamefully mutilated. What a stupid and useless act! What Englishman in that Dublin ball-room would or could have thought about it one moment had it been still on the statute book? No doubt the English monarch had frequent provocation to enact it, but it was no go, and no wonder. An old chronicler tells us that "the Irishmen sore feared the English bowes." Small blame to them if they did, for so did the Scotchmen and the Frenchmen in those days. But if it were so, the Irish ladies enlisted the services of an archer far more dangerous.

The following day we were taken by train to Bray, on the borders of Wicklow. The famous Vicar is, at last, quite at his wits' end. At Bray we found coaches and jaunting cars to take us a day's drive into the beautiful County of Wicklow, through the demesnes of Lords Monck, Meath and Powerscourt. We walked through part of the valley of the Dargle, a wild and lonely vale, with magnificent woods and everywhere the unrivalled green of Erin. A motley company we were, Hindoos, Parsees, representatives of the African Colonies as black as—never mind who. We poor whites from Canada and Australia had no chance in the popular affections beside the blacks and tawnies, so for my part I thought I might as well enjoy a little reflected glory by sitting on the top of a coach beside a young Parsee lady from Bombay, whose large dark eyes looked out very dangerously from beneath a flowing head-dress thickly spangled with pearls and diamonds. Before the day was over I began to think what a nice thing Imperial Federation would be, and I was glad to see, on the next coach, a very determined endeavor being made to promote it by a handsome dark face surmounted by a jewelled turban and a fair rosy face surmounted by a wreath of chestnut hair. After a



long drive in one of the loveliest counties of Ireland, and a visit to the seats of Lords Meath and Powerscourt, we returned to Bray, where a banquet was ready for us in a large tent. There was no dressing for dinner, for our clothes were in Dublin ; and, altogether, the banquet at Bray was a pleasing novelty after all our previous sufferings in that way. For by that time we had fairly begun to shudder at the word " banquet," and the summons to silence, which announced the speeches of a baker's dozen of distinguished but most prosy gentlemen, produced a gasp of despair from all whose philosophy had not taught them that all things of earth have an end sometime. The Irish banquet was, as I have said, a most welcome change. No dressing, no stiffness. A huge tent full of very big peep holes, through which peered the rosy faces of Pats and Biddies without number, which, after the fun had proceeded a while, were made the targets for a running fire of cakes and good things of all sorts, accompanied by much good-humored chaff. Then we had a speech of genuine Irish eloquence and fervor by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, a rattling Home Rule speech, full of a pathos which proved the reality of the speaker's convictions. Alluding to the happy condition of the Colonies, he expressed the hope that, ere long, none of Her Majesty's dominions would be held by any but the silken bonds which bind them to the throne. While in Dublin, we also visited the museum of Trinity College, the Castle, the Cathedrals, and the monuments of that long sad tale of misgovernment and sorrow, which contains so many lessons upon the union of ill-mated peoples, upon the importance of ethnological considerations in practical politics.

The English entertainments were, of course, the most numerous. Banquets, banquets everywhere, and such a lot to drink : banquets by the Lord Mayor of London, by Chambers of Commerce, by the Worshipful Companies of Barbers, Mercers, Grocers, Drapers, Fishmongers, Skinners, Salters, Ironmongers, Clothworkers, Leathersellers, Saddlers. And lest any very democratic individual in Canada should feel shocked at his representatives dining with all these horrid tradesmen, I may mention that the Lord Chancellor of England is the Master of the Worshipful Company of Saddlers. No doubt he finds the woolsack very nice and soothing after the saddle. The officers of the Royal Navy and Marines gave us a delightful day. They provided a special train to take us to Portsmouth and back, and Admirals Sir Alexander Milne, Sir Cooper Key, and other distinguished officers, took charge of us at



Victoria station. When we got out of the train at Portsmouth, we saw on one of the docks, an ancient and stately line-of-battle ship, with bulging sides and high poop. I believe we all felt in our very bones what ship she was, and knew that on approaching her we should read the name "Victory" on her stern. Some of the party, myself among them, went on board, and remained for a few minutes in silence around a little brass plate in the deck bearing the words "Here Nelson fell." Our entertainers took us over several of the ironclads in the docks, and showed us the monster guns coming out and going in, and elevating and depressing themselves, seemingly without any assistance whatever. After luncheon aboard the "Inflexible," we steamed to Spithead, and anchored opposite the "Colossus," an armored ship whose size fully justified her name. Here we witnessed a sham fight between the ship and a number of torpedo boats. These impudent and waspish little craft were wonderfully audacious and rapid in their movements. One's sympathies were altogether with the dignified-looking ship, and I think I would have bet on her too, for her big guns seemed very well aimed, and a single shot would have cut a torpedo boat clean in two—that is, as well as a layman could judge. The torpedoes, too, all exploded against the ship's "crinoline," a means of defence transferred happily from the street and the ball-room to the sea.

The visits to the country houses of the nobility and gentry were perhaps the most delightful of all the many pleasures provided for us. Other countries have beautiful and interesting capitals, but the stately homes of England are peculiarly her own, and so is the sweet and placid rural beauty which surrounds them. And what memories haunt an historic seat such as Hatfield, the home of the Marquis of Salisbury, a kind of pictorial volume of the history of the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First. At one spot in the grounds there is the oak under which Elizabeth was seated when they brought her the news that she was Queen of England. In another spot is a mulberry tree planted by her sapient successor. Like so many of the great country houses of England, Hatfield House is a grand museum of art and archæology; and among the many debts of England to her splendid aristocracy, is the preservation of so many places of such great and general interest, in the midst of so much beauty.

Among the countless entertainments in London, I remember one by Mr. Henry Irving, at the Lyceum Theatre, with especial pleasure.

The invitations to so many visitors were in themselves no small kindness for seats at the Lyceum had then, and I believe still have, to be secured weeks in advance. The piece, of course, was *Faust*. It was then July, and *Faust* have been running since November, and is still going on, or was a week or two ago. In the version given by Mr. Irving, the German original is terribly cut up. The framework of the scenes is there, and this gives Mr. Irving splendid scope for the production of scenic effect. But of the original dialogue little more is given than is barely enough to mark the progress of the piece. The absolute perfection of the scenery, the wonderful pains taken with every detail, only make one more sensible of the absence of all the gorgeous poetry and deep philosophy which should go with them. The lightning is a vivid, zigzag, blinding flash, produced by electricity, not the dull, slow, red flame familiar in stage thunderstorms. When Mephisto's sword crosses Valentine's, it emits a sharp flash. The devilment, throughout, makes one creep. In one of the acts, the curtain rises upon a wonderfully real scene of crag and cataract and pine forest. This is the scene which, in the original, opens with that famous soliloquy in blank verse, Faust's address to the Earth-Spirit. There are the crags and the cataract and the pines, there is *Faust* too, but no soliloquy. In the part of Margaret alone has the German original been adhered to with any degree of fidelity. I mentioned this to Miss Perry. "Oh, yes," she said, "I know just enough German to stumble through *Faust* with the dictionary, and to see how beautiful it is; so I made them keep me my part." So, thanks to the sense of the glorious actress, the piece is not robbed of the most touching of all Goethe's female creations; and the part of *Margaret*, the one solitary bit of classic drama which I saw in all the London theatres, is left to the Lyceum stage. The very argument of the original is reversed. It is, briefly, that the native integrity of the human soul finally triumphs over the powers of evil. In the Lyceum version, the devil has things all his own way to the end. After the curtain fell, we had supper on the stage with Mr. Irving and Miss Perry. Mr. Irving received us in his Mephisto dress, *plus* a pair of eyeglasses, which neutralized his otherwise diabolical appearance in rather an odd way. Indeed his diabolical appearance was sometimes marred, even during the performance, by the natural benevolence of his countenance, which he could not always put out of sight. Miss Perry also retained her stage dress. She seemed very much agitated by her very trying part. I

asked her, rather wickedly, if she did not find it very monotonous to play the same role for such a length of time. "Monotonous," she said, "Look at me. I'm shedding crocodile tears again. I've done so every night since November." Her eyes were indeed full of tears, and her face pale and haggard. That terribly vivid picture of human anguish which nightly thrills those hundreds of men and women of the world, is not produced without first thrilling the great artist herself. In my remarks on Mr. Irving's version of *Faust*, I am far from wishing to blame him or wishing to be ungrateful for his kindness. Nor do I accuse him of any inability to appreciate the great original. He merely shows how exactly he estimates his public. Had he followed Goethe conscientiously, he would probably have done little good to himself or any body else. By doing as he has done, he fills his own coffers, and I believe he has at the same time caused a demand for copies of *Faust* to the extent of over 100,000. In the other London theatres I saw nothing classical and little that was in any way moving. The taste is for mere amusement. Everything is done thoroughly well so far as it goes. Wonderful scenic effects are produced, at great cost and pains. The actors and actresses speak and move like gentlemen and ladies, and the English language is music in their mouths. At the Avenue theatre, they had revived the ancient Beggars' Opera, which once amused Johnson and Boswell and their contemporaries. I could not help thinking how easily our forefathers must have been amused. The dialogue consists largely of stupid jokes at the expense of wives and widows. The one merit of the piece is that it gives a number of those sweet old English airs which the English people have long so shamefully neglected. It is the source, too, of a number of sentiments we have known all our lives and wondered where they come from ; one of which we may some of us have had occasion to apply at some time or other—

How happy could I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away.

The expressions of goodwill toward the visitors were universal, for the only dissentient was Mr. Labouchere, and he does not matter. He called us "tag-rag and bob-tail" and "slip-slop," but we did not mind "Labby." The enthusiasm sometimes bordered upon extravagance. In an evil moment, a leading London journal called upon its readers to admire even the brusqueness of the Colonist. Up to that time I had not observed any special brusqueness on his part ; but after that the

least the obliging Colonist could do was to give the readers of that amiable journal plenty of brusqueness to admire.

Thus, while the Exhibition was enlightening Englishmen as to the value of the Colonies, every opportunity was afforded to the Colonists to learn what manner of country it is whose flag floats over them. They were shown, in every possible way, her wealth, her power, her civilization, her imposing social order. They might read, too, in the monuments of the noblest history the world has ever known how steep and toilsome has been her path through the ages, to those heights of light and liberty upon which she was at length enabled to place her children all over the world. Upon many of the visitors these things produced all the effect that could be desired. A French-Canadian gentleman said to me : "What best becomes a Canadian here is modesty"; and this was said without any disparagement to his own country, whose zealous champion he always proved himself to be when wanted. I had the pleasure of meeting two other French-Canadian gentlemen, men of education and sensibility, fully capable of appreciating what they saw and what was done for them. It is much to be desired that Colonists of this stamp should visit the mother country as frequently as possible. Unfortunately, not all the visitors were as capable as these gentlemen of profiting by what they saw. There is a proverb which says : "He who would bring back the wealth of the Indies, must take out the wealth of the Indies." Those who went to England with their heads empty, brought them back much in the same condition. One Colonial gentleman said to me : "They can beat us in nothing but cheap beer and barmaids." "Have you been to the British Museum?" I asked. "No." "To the National Gallery?" "No." I named a few more places and then gave up, thinking : What use is it for you to go anywhere? You brought nothing into England, and it is certain you shall carry nothing out. What are the Elgin Marbles and all the wonders of Egypt and Assyria and Greece to you? What would you care for Raphael and Titian and Turner and Landseer? And supposing I were to take you into Westminster Abbey, to that quiet corner in the South Transept, and set you before a seated marble figure in the garb of the days of Elizabeth, with these words engraven beneath :—

Like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,



And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a wrack behind.

You have, no doubt, heard the name which tells you whose monument you stand before, but most probably even that name means little to you. And suppose I were to take you a few steps further, and set you before another form in marble, in the garb of a century later, whose face speaks of God-like power and utter triumph, and whose hand grasps a scroll showing a single line of music, an air in D major, with the words which the marble lips seem ready to utter—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." What to you the name of the mighty German musician who found in England a life and a grave equally glorious, and a monument more lasting than brass in the hearts of the English people? Or let me take you down the nave, and show you a certain little square blue stone in the floor. "Well," you will most likely say, "What do I care for 'Oh, rare Ben Jonson?'" I believe they might show you all that array of monuments which moved an American poet to say of England—

One half her soil has walked the rest  
 In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages—

and you would still go back to—British North Borneo, and say—"They can beat us in nothing but cheap beer and barmaids."

Of all the visitors, it was perhaps natural that those from India should attract the largest share of attention. They were, many of them, of princely rank, most of them of princely manners. They were not, like the colonists, men of our own blood, occupying lands reclaimed from the wilderness, but natives of an ancient land which we possess by conquest and by other means more questionable still, and which, thirty years ago, express its feelings towards us by a bloody rebellion. Their presence in London, their cordiality in mingling with the rest of the Empire assembled there, their public avowals that England had at length vindicated her right to rule India by the improvement her rule had wrought, all these things were interesting proofs of the happy change brought about in India since 1857, when she came under the immediate sway of her Empress. They do not regard things as quite perfect yet. They complain of the ignorance of the English House of Commons as to their condition and their needs. They would like to have a few members sitting at Westminster to give explanations when Indian matters are under discussion. But they have confidence in the justice of England, and sense to appreciate the advantages of her rule.

It is time now to say something about the Exhibition itself. It was



held, not in any beautiful and lofty structure like the Cathedral of Glass, as Mr. Kinglake called it, which, in 1851, climbed above and around the stately elms of Knightsbridge, but in a series of low sheds, outwardly unsightly enough, covering most of the ground formerly occupied by the Horticultural Gardens of South Kensington. These buildings were so disposed as to alternate prettily with gardens, greenhouses, ponds and fountains. They had concave glass roofs; and though this made them very bright, and gave great effect to their pretty decorations, it also rendered them more suitable to the ripening of peaches and apricots than to the comfort of human beings. The precincts of the exhibition also included what was left of the gardens, where an excellent musical programme was provided every day, and which, with their great fountains, were beautifully illuminated every night, and the Royal Albert Hall. In the gallery of this immense concert room the Colonial and Indian pictures were placed, with the exception of the Australian pictures, which were exhibited in the Courts of the Colonies, and contributed much to their beauty. In the Albert Hall, too, there were daily recitals of a very high order on the great organ; and in the conservatory, a constant succession of those wonderful flower shows in which they take so much delight in England. Altogether, the exhibition covered a space of about 1,500 feet by 1,200, including the gardens and the Albert Hall. Within that little space, a quarter of a mile square, there were gathered together means of instruction which could hardly have been found elsewhere, even by life-long travel among all the dependencies of Great Britain. There was spread open a vast pictorial volume, from which the mind of the spectator received an impression, vivid and true as that on a photographer's plate. That impression, photographed on the mind of England by this device of her future ruler, will never be effaced. It was the first fair impression she had ever received of her own strength, her own greatness.

Before we part to-night, we may as well take a walk through as many of Her Majesty's colonies as we can. We shall find finger-posts here and there, saying coolly—"To Canada," "To Australia," "To New Zealand," "To Africa." You know enough about Canada already. She is quite cocky enough about the figure she made. It was a very capital figure, but then she is so much older than her sisters, and it would be a shame for her not to know more than they do. We will go in by the main entrance on Exhibition Road. We find ourselves in a

vast and lofty hall, in the middle of which there is a colossal bronze equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales. The walls are adorned by large pictures of the chief cities of the colonies, and all around are tropical shrubs and flowers in profusion. Passing on through lofty doorways draped with rich and heavy Indian curtains, we are in the India Hall. Here there is not much to see, only the beautiful hangings and the effigies of real corporals and privates of our native forces in India, uniformed and armed, each man having his queer name attached to him, and also his dimensions and fighting weight. Passing through the hall we descend a few steps, and stand before a marvel of eastern patience and skill which bids us pause. It is only a gateway, and a wooden gateway too, but the endless convolutions of the design have been followed with faultless exactness. How stiff and void of grace are all the carvings of the churches of Europe beside this work of the heathen artificer. The great screens flanking the gateway look like delicate veils. This beautiful work is the gift of the Maharajah of Jeypore, and forms a worthy introduction to the scene of enchantment which awaits our passing between its delicate wooden curtains into the Indian Courts. Before us is a seemingly endless vista, stretching away between the beautiful porticoes containing the productions of the Indian States. These porticoes are, apart from their contents, well deserving of study. Some of them are inlaid with beautiful designs in ivory; others are of sculptured marble; others of inlaid work of mazy design in metals of many kinds. Under these porticoes are displayed the products of the ancient arts of India, the work of men to whom time is no object, of men satisfied with a handful of rice and a cup of water, of men without ambition, to whom the idea of "getting on" never once suggests itself. But what beautiful work these unambitious artificers produce. Here are vessels of gold and silver whose intricate chasings defy the eye; other vessels in which different metals are blended with such skill that the ground metal upon which all these inlayings are executed cannot be discovered; carpets and shawls, curtains and fabrics of "woven air," gossamer fabrics in silver and gold, jewelry, weapons and armor whose very beauty might disarm an enemy of any taste or sensibility. We will walk leisurely about half way down this court, and turn to the left into the Imperial Economic Court of the Indian Empire. Here is no scene of eastern enchantment like the one we have left, but, what is much more interesting, every product of India having any commercial value. This court is a com-

pendium of the economic resources, the productive powers, and the commerce of the Indian Empire, representing the food products and the resources of 252 millions of people ; and as India ranks as the fifth commercial power of the world, their products are of course far too numerous even to mention here. There are vast collections of teas, coffees and tobaccos, interesting collections illustrating the silk industry, drugs, gums, resins, minerals and ores, cereals, dyes, timbers. After satisfying ourselves that the wealth of India is a reality, we leave this court, cross the first one, and enter the court yard of the Indian Palace, a fine circular open space, surrounded by terra-cotta recesses, in each of which sits a dark and turbaned artificer, goldsmith, silversmith, potter, carpet-weaver, or sweetmeat maker, each a picture from the Thousand and One Nights. Remarkable among these is old Buxshiram, the potter from Agra. Buxshiram is 102 years old, and there he sits, as he has sat for nearly a century, with his knees on a level with his ears, spinning his heavy stone wheel, moulding his peacocks or his pretty little vessels, and peering up strangely from time to time from under his bushy and snow-white eyebrows. At first Buxshiram came to work without trousers, but whether he found his poor old spindleshanks cold, or whether he was told that in London the costume of a gentleman included "continuations," he shortly got him two pieces of cotton print of very different colours and patterns, and made him a pair which was not *all* a pair, in fact not *at* all a pair. However, they pleased Buxshiram and afforded inexpressible amusement to five and a half millions of Her Majesty's subjects. We pass from the Indian Palace by the Gwalior Gateway, to which I have already alluded, and find ourselves on the Central Avenue, opposite the grim and frowning portcullis of Old Bishopsgate, through which we are admitted into Old London. "Old London" represents a street of the old town before the great fire of 1666. The houses are, I believe, facsimiles of the originals whose names they bear, with their projecting upper stories, their gables in perverse but picturesque intrusion on what would seem to modern eyes the rightful domain of the street. This old street has nothing to do with the Colonies and India, and had been there during the previous exhibitions held on the same ground. It is, at the same time, one of the most attractive features of the show. By the time we get here, we have had a good deal of walking about, so we may as well pass by old Isaac Walton's house and the old Rose Inn, and turn into "Ye Old Cocke Taverne," and ask one of those damsels

in the Puritan dresses for a glass of the uncommonly strong ale from the brass-hooped cask above her head. Her puritanism begins and ends with her white cap and broad collar, short blue petticoat and high heeled shoes. It is not even skin deep. So she will give us our ale, and a little chaff too, if we like. We will now pass on through "Old London" into South Africa. This spacious court deserves much more study than we have time to give it. The first thing we see is an enormous machine, grinding away very fussily. It is washing out diamonds from earth brought, I should think, from King Solomon's Mines, or at any rate from mines that do as well, for it washes out diamonds enough to keep a large force of artificers at work along side, cutting and polishing. In 1886 the Cape exported diamonds to the value of £3,507,210. If we come early in the morning we should see two immense Zulu Kaffirs and a little hideous Bushman attending to the wants of the great machine. Like Buxshiram, the Zulus used to come without trousers at first, but, to my great grief, their splendid proportions were soon put out of sight. South Africa has a good deal to show besides diamonds. There is a collection of very tolerable and rather powerful wines, some of the richest ores I ever saw, a great wreath of ostrich feathers, excellent samples of wool and cereals. The natural history collections included a great many pairs of horns just like gigantic cork-screws, and these it was, no doubt, which first induced the countrymen of Mynheer van Dunk to settle in the country; for even were his draught "deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee," these monstrous corkscrews would be equal to the occasion. There were samples of tea from South Africa too. The tea plant has been recently introduced and seems likely to flourish. We have only time for a very hasty look at Australia and New Zealand, interesting and beautiful as they are. Their Courts were the prettiest of all except the Indian, giving evidence of a population enjoying great wealth, and leading times of corresponding refinement, but co-existing with the most primitive savagery. For here alongside of paintings and statuary, furniture and clothing, carriages and saddlery, gold and silversmiths' work, there are aboriginal camps, with their black and naked occupants engaged in their rude and very limited occupations. The Victoria Court is entered through an immense golden arch, built of bricks of 1,000 ounces each, and representing the value of the gold mined in the colony from the first, £216,000,000. There is in this Court much silver, copper, zinc, tin and coal, wood and cereals are well represented, and there are some



beautiful woollen goods, splendid furniture, and wall decorations. All the Australian Colonies showed fine collections of ornamental and other timbers. In comparing Canada with Australia, we should remember that Australia is little more than 50 years old; and when we see the evidences of the wealth of Melbourne alone, and reflect that here within 50 years, a city has grown up half as large again as Montreal, we may think of looking to our laurels. It is now time to go to Canada, and the best way of entering Canada is by the East Arcade through the West Indies, and past Cyprus and Malta. The great agricultural trophy of the Dominion is before us, and we make straight for it, past Johnstons Fluid Beef, Pillow & Hersey's tacks and nails, and some other things. This beautiful trophy is one of the principal features of the whole Exhibition. It covers a space of nearly seven hundred square feet, and towers up to the roof of the Central Gallery. It is completely representative of the agriculture of Canada, from ocean to ocean, in all its ramifications. It was designed at the request of Sir Charles Tupper, by Mr. Watts of the Department of Public Works, and was carried out under the personal supervision of Sir Charles, by Mr. Alexander Begg, with the valuable artistic aid of Mr. Wilson, of Sparks street. This trophy did more during the six months of its existence, than could have been done by libraries of books and years of lectures; and it is not too much to say that the whole Dominion is very greatly indebted to the gentlemen who designed and carried it out. It was constantly surrounded by people who meant business; solid tenant farmers with capital, seeking means of escape from rents, bad seasons and foreign competition; parties desirous of obtaining wholesale supplies of grain or fruit; gentlemen having relations in our North-West or intending to go there themselves. I said just now that you knew all about Canada at the Exhibition, and that I need not say much about it. This may be so, but now I am back again in the old court, I feel the old pride in what Canada has achieved. For everything around us speaks of activity and intelligence and well directed endeavor; of a country whose infancy is over and whose people are possessed with a restless determination to play second fiddle to nobody. In the courts of the other great colonies native weapons are a prominent feature. We have got beyond the age of clubs and spears and boomerangs. Our Indians' work is here in plenty, but it consists of things used by civilized people. We are in the Central Gallery amidst all that array of manufactures which, says the



*Saturday Review*, goes far to explain the depression of trade in England and which I need not now describe in detail. We will walk down the gallery, past those great exhibits of musical instruments in which we shall henceforth do such a business with England, the continent of Europe and many countries more distant still ; past the beautiful game trophy, by which we have to squeeze through a crowd of distinguished gentlemen making enquiries about sport ; past the mineral exhibit of the Dominion, which, certainly eclipsed all other mineral exhibits in the exhibition. We are now in the Western Gallery and deafened with the roar of an endless line of machinery, every wheel of it Canadian. The Prince of Wales gave us this gallery in the first instance, knowing that we should be the only people exhibiting machinery in motion to any great extent. I believe all this machinery was sold before the Exhibition closed, and a trade established with many parts of the world. We have now gone over the whole space originally allotted to Canada, except her share of the gallery of the Royal Albert Hall, where the fine art collections of India and the Colonies were displayed. Here, as elsewhere, Canada proved herself the premier colony. An English critic writing in the "Magazine of Art" said "while walking among Canadian pictures you can imagine yourself in a good European gallery much more easily than you can in the fine art collection of any other colony." The report upon the Canadian pictures by Mr. Hodgson of the Royal Academy, made at the request of His Excellency the Governor General, while containing a certain amount of kindly admonition, is, upon the whole, very encouraging to our artists.

I said just now that we had gone over the whole of the space originally allotted to Canada. This allotment we at first thought very liberal, but we soon found it to be little more than half enough ; and, by degrees, our indefatigable Executive Commissioner obtained from the Royal Commission, first the West Arcade, then the whole of the East and West Quadrants, and the gallery in the Conservatory. Even this did not do, and we had to put up buildings in the South Promenade, and, finally, to get leave from Government to occupy the Art and Science Gallery of the South Kensington Museum. In this Sir Charles Tupper was assisted by the Marquis of Lorne, whose affection for the Dominion is as warm as ever, and who never loses a chance of doing her a good turn. So Canada finally covered more space by one-third than either India or the whole of the Australian Colonies ; and when

you stood in the conservatory of the Royal Albert Hall and looked across the gardens, you had Canada in front of you, Canada behind you, Canada to right of you, Canada to left of you, volleying and thundering her achievements into the ears of the assembled Empire.

Of the benefits of the Exhibition to Canada you may read, shortly, in Sir Charles Tupper's report. Those already realized far surpass all anticipations, and there are others extending beyond the range of our present vision. Prejudices have been removed, ignorance dispelled. Branches of British and foreign trade already existing have been extended, and new branches established. And Canadians learned as well as taught. They learned new uses to which their country's products are adapted, and they found markets for their wares among peoples who had never before heard of their advancement in the arts of life.

The time was a very good one for Canada to come to the front in England. The Pacific Railway, a work regarded in England as fully as much Imperial as Colonial, had been virtually completed the year before. Our ability to prosecute this gigantic undertaking to a successful conclusion had been doubted in many quarters to the last. The completion of the great railway, and the proofs afforded by the Exhibition of Canadian achievement in so many other directions, established her position in the Empire with convincing force ; and her courage, her enterprise, and her resources were recognized with that frank and at times self-accusing generosity, with which Englishmen are ever ready to make up for their tardiness in recognizing the merits of those whose capabilities they have regarded as not proven.

And now for a few words as to the results of the Exhibition to the Empire at large.

Just before the opening of the Exhibition a German writer called attention to the many dangers attending the hitherto disjointed condition of the British Empire. He stated that in 1878 the Russian cruisers had orders, should war break out, to destroy the defenceless coaling stations on the Atlantic and Pacific. He pointed to the vast military force, useless for want of organization. He spoke of the folly of England in continuing to look to alien nations for supplies of food and for markets, which war may at any time put an end to. He showed that the idea of Imperial Federation had come from Australia, and pointed to the great step in the direction of a united Empire made in the confederation of the North American Colonies. Nor did he forget the Canadian militia,

but put Canada down: for one-third of the existing forces of the Empire. He said, in conclusion :—

“What Shakespeare says of the tide in the affairs of men holds good, in a wider sense, in political life. So far as we can judge, this tide has set in now. The Indian population showed itself loyal and ready for sacrifices during the Russian crisis. Although the Australian Colonies found no encouragement in England in their desires, and had more than once to complain of coldness, they were collectively ready, on receiving the news of the fall of Khartoum, to make every sacrifice, and to place their means at the disposal of the Government. They were proud when England accepted the offer of troops ; the time had arrived for the realization of Imperial Federation. But while the Colonial population thus showed themselves willing to give up so much for the common weal, no corresponding readiness was shown by England. Public opinion shows little understanding of the wishes and the interests of the Colonies and the Empire. The Englishman still feels himself but the inhabitant of a little island, not the citizen of a world-empire on which the sun never sets.”

These are the words of a German writer *before* the Exhibition. Now mark the words of an English writer *after* the Exhibition :—

“If we apply the test of area alone,” he says, “the imagination almost refuses to grapple with the figures that describe the resources of our possessions abroad. The area of the British Islands is about 75 millions of acres, of which 50 millions are cultivated or cultivable. The area of our Australian empire is 1,968 millions of acres, the greater part of which is believed to be capable of yielding excellent crops, alike of cereals and of tubers. In the Canadian North-West alone there are 384 millions of acres of valuable agricultural land, the whole of which is admirably adapted for settlement and cultivation. In British India, again, there are close on 600 million acres under cultivation or capable of being cultivated, and much of it, under judicious irrigation, may be made to yield two, and even three, crops in a year. These are the territories that are, or that we would wish to see become, the wheat fields, the grazing lands, the orchards, and the market gardens of the mother country. . . . How much longer shall we continue to withhold from our own Colonies the £30,000,000 sterling, or more, which we have for many years annually paid to the United States for wheat and butcher meat ? The obvious answer to such a problem is, that we shall

do so just as long as, and no longer than, the railway communication of our Colonies remains inadequate and incomplete. If Canada and India had to-day solved the railway problem as effectually as the United States have long since done, if railway facilities were as abundant between the producers and the ports, and if the rates of freight were as cheap and as entirely adapted to the development of the trade, there would be no need for the dependence upon American supplies that now exists. .

. . The strides that the Colonies have already made in the direction of furnishing the mother country with bread-stuffs are such as put even the fabled achievements of the seven-league boots entirely in the shade. Between 1868 and 1882 the imports of wheat into Great Britain increased from 798,000 to 3,115,000 cwt., as regards the Dominion ; from 181,000 to 8,463,000, as regards British India ; and from 327,000 to a maximum of 4,613,000 in 1880, as regards Australasia. The question of whether our own Colonies can compete with the United States and Russia in supplying the food requirements of the mother country may be regarded as settled by these figures. But even supposing that it were not, it is clearly the interest and the duty of the mother country to endeavor, by every possible means, to solve it in favor of the Colonies, whose chief want now, and for years past, has been the lack of adequate transportation facilities."

To all who have noted the utterances of English writers on the Colonies for a series of years, this change of opinion following the Exhibition is clearly a case of *post hoc propter hoc*. The Colonies can never, never revert to their former position. The feeling is in the air that the Empire must in some way or other be more closely united. The words I have just quoted would indicate that the fact has been at last brought home to the English mind that the Empire may be made self-sufficing, and therefore practically united, without any subversion of existing political conditions, commanding within itself as it does the products of every clime, and having in every clime active and intelligent sons to turn them to the best account.

And this, as the Germans would say, epoch-making Exhibition, owed its existence entirely to the exertions and the foresight of the Prince of Wales. "Not only," said Mr. Edward Cunliffe Owen, in a paper read before the Society of Arts, "not only was His Royal Highness the originator of the idea of its existence, but he was the centre around which its whole organization turned : and the deep personal interest



which the Prince of Wales took in every thing relating to the Exhibition, from the highest questions of policy down to the minutest details of management, have deeply impressed all those who have had the honour of working under His Royal Highness' commands for the success of the Exhibition."

The Prince of Wales has thus done a work fit for a King to do; and although I make no pretence of having any private information as to his motives, I cannot help thinking that he may have had other objects in view, and that he may have foreseen other results, than those intimated in his very business-like utterances during the preliminary stages of the Exhibition. Raised by his high station above all the misery of party, he must have seen the peril of the crisis through which the country is passing. May he not, therefore, have had at heart the political as well as the commercial interests of England, in thus bringing before her the grandeur of the structure raised by the genius, the toil, the blood of her sons?

A change, due to many causes within and without, is coming over the ancient and stately social order of England; and as this change progresses, and as the difference between elder and younger sons grows small by degrees and less, whether beautifully so or otherwise I will not undertake to say, the work of England's "younger sons of younger brothers" over the seas will be duly appreciated, and her debt to her once neglected children will be as evident to herself as it has long been to those clear-sighted neighbors, who have lately been showing what they think of the value of colonies, by hunting the world over to see if England has left them a spot, be it never so miserable, whereon to set their feet.



